

A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE PIECES

Composed on
DIFFERENT PERSONS.

(Never before published.)

- I. VERSES on the Reverend Mr. THOMAS WALKER, Minister of the Gospel in Dundonald, for his testifying against the Defections and Corruptions of the Church.
- II. VERSES addressed to the Reverend Mr. JAMES OLIPHANT, on his leaving Kilmarnock and going to Dumbarton.
By one of his Hearers.
- III. Some pleasant Verses on the Death of a Godly OLD MAN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
The Happy Man and True Gentleman,
OR THE
Character of a Christian.

Printed for CHARLES STEWART,
Kilmarnock, M. DCC. LXXXIV.

V E R S E S

ON THE REVEREND

MR. THOMAS WALKER, *

Late Minister of the Gospel in DUNDONALD.

THE reverend Mr. Walker,
we frequently do hear
'Gainst the defections of our church,
doth faithful witness bear.

With christian zeal and courage bold,
for truth he doth declare;
And is a burning shining light,
in presbytery of Ayr.

An able minister of Christ,
faithful in every station,
A worthy member sometimes in
the assembly of our nation.

In synod and in presbytery,
when disputes doth prevail,
He shares with moderation,
and meekness and with zeal.

They are not wanting in our day,
that say, how can it be
That Adam's sin should be imputed
to his posterity?

God is a righteous judge, they say,
his word doth fully show,
To punish us for Adam's sin,
justice will not allow.

* See Note at the end.

Unto the doctrine of our church
they will not give consent,
That Adam in the covenant
did mankind represent.

God in the depth of wisdom
and sovereignty,
Thought fit on Adam first to pitch
our moral head to be.

They by their corrupt reasoning
the scriptures do abuse,
They say, that mankind for their head
did Adam never choose.

Yet God did Adam choose we see,
even reason will allow,
His right was good by creation,
this thing for him to do.

Infinite wisdom absolute
and sovereignty,
It ill becomes poor mortal worms
to say what doeth he;

The learned Mr. Walker he
against them doth debate,
And proves that man, by nature,
is in a fallen state.

By arguments from scripture drawn,
and reasoning most sound,
He doth confute this doctrine,
and beats it to the ground.

-By word and doctrine faithfully,
to truth he doth adhere,
Supplies of grace from precious Christ,
doth make him persevere.

Tho' natural parts in him decline,
 yet grace in him doth thrive,
 By vital sap and nourishment
 From Christ the head deriv'd.

As an ambassador for Christ,
 God's counsel doth reveal,
 Intreating men in Jesus' stead,
 with God to reconcile.

His time and talents doth improve,
 as one who doth believe,
 Each soul committed to his trust
 he an account must give.

His sacramental sermons they
 most favoury hath been,
 At Irvine and at Kilmarnock,
 likewise on Dreghorn green.

At sacrament occasions,
 when he comes to the tent,
 The people gather in about,
 to hear him are content.

The ale-wives of Long Dreghorn town,
 if I the truth durst tell,
 While he continues in the tent,
 they little ale will sell.

His sermons, orthodox and sound,
 by metaphors most fine,
 Convey just ideas of truth
 into the darkest mind.

To make them understand him then,
 he takes a special care,
 He spiritual things with temporal things
 most wisely doth compare

The spiritual state of men, by him,
 tho' different as their faces,
 He by an holy skill doth suit
 his doctrine to their cases.

This faithful steward of God's house,
 as I at large might shew;
 He gives each one their portion
 of meat in season due.

To such as truly mourn for sin,
 and are in heart contrite,
 His admonitions to such
 were healthsome, mild and meek.

Tho' law and conscience them accuse,
 he bids them not despair,
 Since there is *balm in Gilead,*
 and a *physician there.*

The wicked and impenitent,
 to work upon their fear,
 The dreadful thund'ring of the law
 from Sinai makes them hear.

If they should live and die in sin,
 to them he doth declare,
 They in the New Jerusalem
 shall have no portion there.

His sermons most pathetic are,
 tho' in a homely stile,
 Few ministers more eloquent
 within the bounds of Kyle.

Unto the palm-tree flourishing
 good men compar'd we hear,
 Some, like the sun, do brighter shine,
 when setting they go near.

This worthy man now grown in years,
 we have no cause to doubt,
 But by the course of nature
 his lamp must soon go out ;

His room another occupy,
 his charge he must lay down,
 With Abram, in the upper house,
 and Isaac to sit down ;

At his great Lord and master's will,
 his stewardship to resign,
 And be transported to that place
 where faithful pastors shine :

To meet with his deceased friends,
 who there before are gone
 And happily are now set down
 with Christ upon his throne.

II. Verses to the Reverend MR. JAMES
 OLIPHANT, on his leaving KIL-
 MARNOCK and going to DUMBARTON.

By one of his HEARERS.

I Bless the day, good Oliphant,
 that thou was sent to me,
 To teach and preach things that relate
 to true divinity.

A minister of Jesus Christ
 I take thee for to be,
 God's counsel and his holy word,
 declaring faithfully.

A workman thou dost show thyself,
 that shamed need'st not be,
 Whilst thou the gospel word of truth
 declarest righteously.

Thus, like a painful pastor, thou
 which doth the flock o'ersee,
 Instruct them in truth's path, that leads
 to true divinity.

Thy labours that incessant are,
 (would God they may be bless'd)
 To qualify immortal souls
 for everlasting rest.

Of those that young and rising up,
 thou seems great care to take,
 By catechisms which thou hast
 composed for their sakes;

That they may well instructed be
 in principles of truth;
 May learn to know and fear the Lord,
 while in the bloom of youth.

My household being ten and one,
 all who my children be,
 Would God's religion they may learn
 while in minority.

That in the righteous ways of God,
 mine eyes may still them see,
 Thriving in grace and holiness,
 under thy ministry.

Thy voice majestic, loud and shrill,
 makes thy church walls resound,
 By means of which may saving grace
 to many souls abound.

By doctrines evangelical,
 thou dost thy flock address,
 Declaring Christ's excellencies
 and perfect righteousness.

These doctrines still held forth by thee,
 in pleasant gospel strain;
 Would God the fruits thereof may still
 for evermore remain.

Go on, go on, brave Oliphant!
 go on, and make no stand,
 For sure the brighter thou shalt shine
 when in Emmanuel's land.

By winning souls to Christ thou'lt get
 thee glory and renown,
 And add so many diadems
 unto thy glorious crown.

Once more I say to thee, go on
 and not discourag'd be,
 Tho' Israel be not gathered
 rewarded thou shalt be;

When thou shalt with thy Father be,
 and there for ever dwell,
 Possessing an eternity
 of joy celestial;

Within the new Jerusalem,
 whose streets are pav'd with gold;
 That blessed state of happiness
 is able to unfold.

But now I must my pleasant theme
 turn to a mournful tune,
 Since you Kilmarnock soon must leave,
 and thence from us be gone.

For my own part this circumstance

I do lament full sore,

Since that within our church walls
thy voice is heard no more.

But may I ask, good Oliphant,

I ask why it is so?

That you leave dear Kilmarnock flock
and to Dumbarton go?

To frame an answer unto me,

your brain you need not tols,

If ingenuity take place,

perhaps you'll answer thus:

As riches and preferments are

by statesmen much admir'd,

So neither are godly ministers

from that quite retir'd.

Stand up, stand up, brave Oliphant!

stand up, and fear no frown,

Afferting the prerogative

of Jesus' royal crown.

May great success thy labours crown,

by heavenly grace most free,

May thou still prosper and thine eyes

Dumbarton converts see.

III. On an AGED MAN at Long Dreg- horn.

By a *Weaver* there.

AN aged man near by this place,

(his name I shall forbear)

Who, Enoch like, did walk with God
as plainly did appear.

His conversation here below,
 was heavenly and serene;
 And through the course of a long life,
 he made his light to shine.

His conversation was in heaven,
 as we did plainly see,
 Tho' he be gone to change his place,
 yet not his company.

Under infirmity and age,
 with meekness did behave,
 And pious ejaculations
 he to the last did breathe.

God's holy law, that rule of life,
 his actions did direct,
 And to all his commandments
 he had a due respect.

The recompense of the reward,
 was always in his view,
 And in the practice of known sin,
 did not himself allow.

Yet on the merit of good works
 he never laid the stress,
 But look'd for his salvation
 through Christ's pure righteousness.

Upon this stone, this tried stone,
 his faith and hope was staid;
 Upon that sure foundation stone,
 which is in Zion laid.

Those changes and vicissitudes
 which did befall him here,
 Supported by the divine aid,
 with patience them did bear.

Yet in this vale of tears below,
 was sometimes made to groan,
 A stranger in a foreign land,
 he long'd to be at home.

A stranger and a pilgrim here,
 he did himself declare;
 The fair inheritance above,
 his soul did long to share.

Christ as the pearl of great price,
 he much did him admire,
 No created thing could fill his room,
 nor answer his desire.

Whom having not yet seen, did love
 his faith by works did shew,
 And felt a work unspeakable,
 and full of glory too.

In all Christ's institutions,
 he did a beauty see;
 His name, as ointment poured forth,
 to him was favoury.

Though he of hearing was depriv'd,
 he did improve his sight;
 The reading of his Bible did
 afford him much delight.

For him to turn the sacred page,
 a pleasure seem'd to be,
 While many truths therein contain'd
 he had in memory.

The plan of our redemption,
 he often did review;
 Those mysteries which even angels
 desire to look into.

Tho' in a lonely solitude,
 could satisfaction find,
 By heavenly meditation
 on God and things divine.

The sabbath day was his delight,
 pray'r was that noble mean,
 By which his pious soul kept up
 its intercourse with heaven.

Upon the morning of this day,
 as we might well perceive,
 For success to our ministers
 he earnestly would crave,

That God would send the Spirit down,
 might graciously be pleas'd;
 That so religion in our land,
 might yet again revive;

That Christ might with his presence,
 our assemblies beautify;
 That we his glory might behold
 within his sanctuary.

He spent the day in such a way,
 as did an earnest prove,
 Of that eternal sabbath day
 he now enjoys above.

It was to him a type of heaven,
 an emblem of that rest
 Which saints now in that upper house,
 with Jesus do possess.

Christ with his presence on this day,
 his soul did entertain,
 His spirit was so ravished,
 it made him long for heaven.

From Pisgah's top to view the land,
 where milk and honey flow'd,
 And bring from thence the choice ripe
 by Eschol brook that grow'd. (fruits,

Arriving to a good old age,
 by death is now remov'd,
 From the church militant below,
 unto the church above ;

With blessed saints and angels
 sweet fellowship to have,
 Whilst the frail body, gone to dust,
 lies rotting in the grave.

Tho' worms these bodies do destroy,
 it is beyond debate,
 That gracious souls do God enjoy,
 tho' in a sep'rate state ;

Until this mortal shall have put
 on immortality,
 And death at last be swallow'd up
 in compleat victory.

Christ's resurrection from the dead,
 believers certify,
 That those vile bodies, like to Christ's,
 one day shall fashion'd be.

By metaphors most beautiful
 the scripture doth exprefs,
 The grave to the believer
 shall prove a bed of rest.

A lonely house, a lothsome cell,
 it may appear to be,
 Where yet the true believer shall
 receive no injury.

Christ by the virtue of his death,
 from death removes the sting,
 And from the dust of death again
 their bodies up will bring;

Whose organs now being moulded new,
 made capable shall be,
 To join with the seraphic host
 to all eternity.

Dear in God's sight is his saints death;
 from scripture doth appear,
 That even the very angels
 their souls to heaven will bear.

Those spirits tho' invisible
 unto our fleshly eyes,
 Yet did attend this dying saint,
 in his last agonies :

Concerning his departing soul
 from God receiv'd a charge,
 Up through the regions of the air,
 to be his guide and guard.

Which piece of service they perform
 to saints most faithfully,
 Until their souls be landed in
 Emmanuel's country.

Surviving friends now left behind,
 good hope may entertain
 That he whose death they now lament,
 is safely gone to heaven.

That through the dark and shady vale,
 death's Jordan safely past,
 Now landed in the harbour
 of everlasting rest.

With Paul and other saints above
 a song of triumph to sing;
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting.

A crown of glory to receive
 which never shall decay,
 Where God himself, shall be his God,
 and wipe all tears away.

THE HAPPY MAN.

THE Happy Man, was born in the City of Regeneration, and in the Parish of Repentance unto Life; he was educated at the School of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large Estate in the country of Christian Contentment; and many times does jobs of Self-Denial; he wears the plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the robe of Christ's Righteousness; he oftentimes walketh in the Valley of Self-Abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Heavenly-Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same; he has meat to eat, that the world knows nothing off, and his drink is the sincere Milk of the word of God: thus happy he lives and happy he dies.

Happy is he, who hath Gospel Submission in his will, due order in his Affections, sound peace in his Conscience, Sanctifying Grace in his soul; real divinity in his Breast, the Re-

deemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head : happy is the life of such a man ; in order to attain which, Believe firmly, pray fervently, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch your hearts, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for Glory.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE True Gentleman, is God's servant, the ~~World~~ Master, and his own Man : Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentedness his rest, and Happiness his reward. God is his father, the Church is his mother, the Saints his brethren, all that need him his friends ; Heaven is his inheritance, Religion his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two ladies of honour ; Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook ; Hospitality his house-keeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter, to let in and out as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of Virtue, and he is the true Master of the house.

He is necessitated to take the world in his way to heaven ; but he walks through it as fast as he can ; and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy : Take him all in two words, he is a Man and a Christian.

F I N I S.



* Rev. Thomas Walker.

—.

This Reverend Gentleman
dining one day at Eglinton Cas-
tle, Lord E. gave as a Toast
"The Kirk of Scotland," where
Mr. Walker observed, "Aye, aye,
My Lord, Here's the Kirk of
Scotland pour thing, - many
a jag i' the tail she has
gotten, but she's aye wagg-
ing yet."